The News-Herald.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1886.

HILLSBORO. : : : OHIO.

LONELY.

The four years' boy above his blocks
Watches his castle as it rocks,
With wandering eyes—feels only
The too loud ticking of the clock—
Starts at an unexpected knock,
And wide-eyed, pale, his mother greets,
Whom at the open door he meets.
He throws himself into her arms,
And tells her all his vague alarms,
With "Oh! I was so lonely!"

The dreary morning breaks again,
And with it wakes a bitter pain,
That lingering sleep dulled only;
The wife whose heart lies with the dead,
Reluctant lifts her heavy head,
Sees the new day look coldly in
While she its journey must begin;
Must pass again the hopeless round,
For many a year all joyless found.
Her life is left so lonely?

The old man leans upon his cane,
And sees his life go by again,
Now trembling, sad and lonely;
His strength is spent, his eyes are dim,
And not a soul to care for him
Is left of all his kith and kin.
There is no door will take him in.
Why did his boys all leave him so?
And his old wife before him go?
He left alone—he only.

The child, the wife, the poor old man,
Must find their comfort as they can,
New hope or memory only.
Can these console? Shall Destiny
A thing of worn-out garments be,
Affections torn and spent, the heart
At last insensate to its smart,
And all the universe to me
Mere emptness and mockery;
I dying here so lonely!

Yes, this is all, if life must be
But what we touch and what we see,
And outward flowering only.
If depths of being underlie
And love surround the mystery;
If help Divine meets human pain
And transient loss is endless gain,
In sharpest stress if God draw near
And in the dark new suns appear,
Ah, then, who need be lonely?
—*Mrs. D. H. R. Goodale, in N. Y. Independent.*

A MAINE AMAZON.

A Girl Who Did Not Like Woman's Work.

The worthy residents of Hackmetack Cove marveled greatly when it became known that Darius Kallahan, who, during his lifetime, had been considered a most careful as well as generous "provider," had not left enough money to buy decent mourning for his widow and daughter. Since the discovery, by a quartette of adventuresome fishermen, and the consequent celebrity of romantic Hackmetack Cove, Darius Kallahan's had been the most successful buckboard; his team had always been most in demand by the "rusticators" and the "hauled mealers," terms familiar to the ears of all the fortunate throng that forgather, during the sultry reign of Sirius, along the picturesque Maine coast. Therefore, when it was found that the supposed thrifty Darius had failed to lay by, during the six prosperous summers which the Cove had enjoyed, something substantial for the traditional rainy day, heads were wisely shaken, and puzzled Hackmetack Covers wondered what had "went with all the cash D'rius Kellyen had made haulin'."

Whatever it was that had caused the evanishment, enough to know that the money was gone, utterly, completely, as Darius himself; and nothing remained to tell that it had once been; whereas the fresh mound in the little grave-yard under the hill betokened plainly enough the former existence of the improvident husband and father.

"Pity D'rius hed to go an' die jest when the season's openin'," sympathetically observed a fellow-Jehu who had never grudged his neighbor's popularity.

"Yes, 'tis," assented Uncle Joshwa, the village oracle, a blinking glance from his solitary eye sweeping the shore of the Cove. "He'd ought to 'a waited a spell till 'twas a leetle more convenient."

"Wonder what Miry's goin' to do," musingly continued the first speaker. "She'll not keep the team, I dessay."

"Certing she'll not; she'll hev to sell the horses an' the buck-board; she hain't even got enough money to buy bunnits for herself an' Vesty. So my woman told me."

"Guess they'd manage to shift along 'thout bunnits; what they want's grub," sententiously remarked Uncle Joshwa.

"Guess some women-folks 'd ruther do 'thout grub 'n a bunnit, an' Vesty Kellyen's one of 'em, I jedge," said another of the critical row perched on the grave-yard fence.

"Thet's so! Vesty's a leetle mite too out-settin'. I guess she'll find 'tain't allus pie, now that D'rius is gone an' left nothing. She'll hev to work like the rest of our women-folks."

"Fish, cut bait, or go ashore," facetiously supplemented Uncle Joshwa, assiduously whittling to a point a fragment of wood he had broken from the fence rail. "I kind o' pity the gal, for all: she'd be a proper nice gal ef she wa'n't so highty-tighty."

Yes, something would have to be done, that was plain enough to both Vesta and her mother. But what? Already there were enough cottages on the romantic shore of the Cove to accommodate the summer boarders, and even had there been a demand for more room, it could not have been found in the Kallahan domicile, which was barely large enough for the widow and her daughter. If only "Edward Everett" and "Hannibal Hamlin," the pair of fleet-footed horses, could have been transformed into good milch cows! During the season the demand for milk and butter always exceeded the supply. Of course Mrs. Kallahan would be glad to sell the bays, but in all the Cove region there was not enough ready money to buy the steeds: and as ready money was what the widow most needed, she might as well keep the horses as sell them "on time," especially as Darius, just before his fatal illness, had laid in and happily paid for a supply of fodder for the season.

"Vesty might git a chance up to the Surf House," suggested a Bildad in petticoats," who had come to "set a spell" with the widowed Miry, and was doing her best to tear open the fresh wound in the bereaved heart.

"Vesty—she—don't—don't admire to wait on table or do chamber-work," half sobbed Mrs. Kallahan.

"She don't? Wal, I suffer! What does she like, I want to know? Your Vesty's a mighty cur'us gal, anyhow; I never see any one like Vesty. Now my Irene Amaranth she's jest that powerful eager for the company to come—allus, and allus a-wishin' they'd hurry an' git here. There hain't a lazy bone in my Irene Amaranth's body, so there hain't, an' I'm mighty thankful there hain't. There hain't a' might o' use tryin' to keep her to hum, once she knows she kin git a chance up to the hotel."

"I know it. Vesty"—with a regretful sigh—"don't take to no kind o' housework, Vesty don't."

"Don't take to housework? Well, she is cur'us, an' no mistake. What's she cal'late to do, once she marries Zemro Dowlin'? Keep help, I dessay"—this last with fine irony.

"I d'know, I'm sure," sobbed the widow.

"You might ra'se garding sass," was again suggested, as the visitor dubiously surveyed the little plot of ground beyond the kitchen door.

"Vesty 'lowed she'd like thet ef our garding was only sizable enough; but 'tain't, Mis' Higgins."

"No, 'tain't. thet's certing; an' 'tain't Inje rubber nuther"—laughing at her joke, and rising to go. "I guess I must be goin'. Ef Vesty's made up her mind thet she won't try for a chance to the hotel, I'm sure I don't know what's goin' to become of you. I don't guess there's any use fur talkin' to her 'bout it."

"No, guess not. Good-day Mis' Higgins. Come ag'in right soon; it's powerful lonesome now."

"Yes, it be, poor soul! an' D'rius's goin' ain't your wust trouble nuther. I wonder how you kin bear up under it. Good-day."

She quitted the house, and sauntered leisurely down the narrow garden path to the gate, where she met the daughter of the house, a trim, black-eyed, red-cheeked girl of eighteen.

"Well, Miss Vesty Kellyen," she began, in a sharp arraigning tone, "so you ain't a-goin' to try fur a chance up to the Surf House?"

"No'm, I haint. Who said I was?" returned Vesta, her black eyes snapping defiantly.

"Nobody said as you was, Miss Vesty Kellyen; but you hed ought to. Ef you wa'n't quite so triflin', Miss Vesty Kellyen, there'd be no danger of your poor heart broken ma starvin'."

"I guess there won't nobody starve round here—leastways not s'long as there's a suller full o' potatoes an' turnips, an' plenty o' fish to be hed for the ketchin out in the Cove."

"Humph! Guess you cal'late on Zemro Dowlin's keepin' you in fish. You ain't a-goin' to ketch none, I'll be bound!" was the woman's sarcastic rejoinder. Then, her curiosity getting the better of her dignity, she condescended to ask. "What be you goin' to do, anyhow, Vesty?"

"Hain't made up my mind yit; nothin' mebbe," laconically replied Vesta.

"Humph! You cal'late boardin' up to the hotel, I dessay, Miss Vesty Kellyen?"

"Mebbe I do, Mis' Higgins." And before the irate dame could frame a retort, Vesta had sailed past her and entered the kitchen.

"Sthet you, Vesty?" called her mother's querulous voice from the adjoining room.

"Yes 'm."

"Where you been?"

"Down to the shore."

"With Zemro Dowlin' agin, I'll be bound."

"Yes'm."

"I don't see no manner o' use your keepin' company with Zemro any more. He can't more'n keep his granny in doctor's stuff."

"Thet's so; granny needs a powerful sight," assented the girl, trying in vain to stifle a sigh which rose from the lowermost depths of her full heart. "Granny's had another spell; Zemro was up all night."

"Zemro hadn't ought to let Samanthy go out West—"

"Ef Samanthy hadn't gone, Zemro'd have another mouth to feed, an' I guess Samanthy was glad enough to git away from waitin' on poor old granny."

"Yes, guess so. Samanthy never was the good-dispositioned person Zemro is. Tired, be you?" as her daughter entered the room and flung herself full length on the lounge.

"No'm."

"Sick?"

"No'm."

There was silence for several minutes, then:

"I wish I hed a thousand dollars!" exclaimed Vesta.

"Why don't you wish you was President at oncet, an' be done with it?" impatiently rejoined her mother. "I never see sich a girl to wish for onpossible things as you be, Vesty Kellyen."

"Ef I hed a thousand dollars," pursued Vesta, ignoring her mother's remark, "I'd buy the Fearnaught for Zemro."

"Great jedgment!" ejaculated the widow. "Hes Squire Cornish got the face to ask a thousand dollars for that sloop?"

"No, of couse he ha'n't," interrupted Vesta: "an' he don't ask half that much for the beauty, nuther. But ef I hed a thousand dollars, Zemro should hev the the sloop, an' the rest of the money'd keep you an' granny an' me an' Zemro till he'd git a start. He says if he hed the sloop he could make at least"—with emphasis—"three thousand dollars a year. But"—drawing a long sigh—"with jest that old dory—an' it not fit to go outside the ledge any more—an' granny allus ailin', an' wantin' the doctor, there ain't no use hopin' ever to git a start."

"No, guess not," in a melancholy tone, assented the mother.

For a long while the girl lay there, her hands clasped above her head, her eyes fixed on the ceiling, which was as white as lime could make it. Through the open door and window came the distant murmur of the pine forest, blended with the harmonious ripple of the waves upon the pebbly beach. Now and then a clear bird note, the jubilant call of the thrush or robin, cleft the silence in the room; or a great yellow bee buzzed industriously among the lilac plumes nodding alongside the door-step. More than once the widow glanced questioningly toward the clock, then at the motionless figure on the lounge; but that the girl's eyes were wide open she might have been sound asleep, so utterly oblivious was she to every thing around her.

Fully half an hour passed thus, when the mother, who had fallen into a peaceful slumber, was roused by a sudden movement on the part of her daughter.

"Thet's jest what I'll do," emphatically exclaimed Vesta, sitting upright.

"How? Where? What did you say, Vesta?" stammered her mother, sitting bolt-upright, and trying her best to look as if she had not been in the land of dreams for the last twenty minutes.

"I've made up my mind 'bout what I'm goin' to do, mother, and I want you should let me do it."

"Now, Vesty Kellyen! Ez ef you didn't allus do jest as you'd a mind to! Ef you'd do as I want you should, you'd git a chance up to the hotel, and git your reg'lar wages, week in an' week out—thet's what you'd do."

"Jest wait a bit, Mother Kellyen," returned Vesta, smiling brightly. "You'll see ef I don't know how to manage. How much did father make haulin' the company?"

"More'n once he cleared nigh onto four hundred dollars, an' to think that 'most every cent of it went down that mis'able mine he used to 'low was chuck-full o' silver, an' would make our fortin!"

"Poor father! Guess ef more silly folks hed give all their money to them mining chaps, we might travel right through that hole to Chiny now! But," added the girl, sagely, "worritin' ain't goin' to fetch the money back. Guess ef poor father'd knowed the pesky hole hed no bottom, he wouldn't 'a kep' on throwin' all his money into't. He thought he was doin' it for the best, that's certing."

"Yes, 'tis. Now, where you goin'—an' it 'most supper-time?" a trifle impatiently queried the mother as her daughter rose, took her sun-bonnet from its peg, and walked toward the door.

"You've often wished I'd been born a boy, mother. I'm goin' to show you that a girl can be of some use, too."

"You've goin' up to the Surf House, after all!" joyfully cried her mother, following her to the door.

"Yes, I'm goin' up to the Surf House," with a peculiar smile, repeated Vesta. "I shan't be long; ef you'll wait till I come back, I'll git the supper."

"You jest go right along, Vesty Kellyen. I guess I hain't forgot how to bile a codfish!" and before Vesta was out of hearing, the gratified widow was clattering briskly among the pots and pans in the little kitchen. Perhaps it was an hour later when Vesta, with buoyant step and with a heart much lighter than it had been for many a day, retraced her way to the cottage. Just at the turn of the road she encountered a tall, sunburned, handsome youth, the nets and fishing-tackle hanging over his shoulder betraying his handicraft.

"Hello, Zemro!" she saluted.

"Hello, Vesty!" he returned, curiously eyeing her, as if doubtful how to understand the gladness in her face and tone. "Where you been?"

"To the Surf House."

"Goin' to work there?" he asked, his face brightening.

"Guess not, Mr. Zemro Dowlin'. Hain't I vowed I wouldn't work up to the hotel?"

"Yes, you hev," slowly and with just a touch of disappointment in his tone.

"How's granny?" questioned Vesta, suddenly changing the subject.

"Some better. Goin' down to see her this afternoon?"

"Guess not; I want to see Squire Cornis after supper."

"Yes? I heard that the squire was lookin' for some one to plow his meadow; goin' to let him hev the horses?"

"No."

"Oh, I thought mebbe you was. You'll be sellin' the team by-'n'-by?"

"Guess not; leastways not till—till you're captin o' the Fearnaught," she added, smiling and blushing.

His face saddened. "Thet'll never be, I'm afraid, Vesty," he replied, shifting the nets to the other shoulder.

"Never's a long time, Mr. Zemro Dowlin'. There's mother beckonin' to me. Good-bye. Wait a minute," catching the corner of one of the nets as he was starting forward. "I'll give you something pleasant for bait. Ef you ain't capting of the Fearnaught before you're a year older, my name ain't Vesty Kellyen."

His free arm caught her before she had time to escape from his side, and bending his face close to her own, he whispered: "When I'm captin' of the Fearnaught, my darlin', your name won't be Vesty Kellyen, that's certing."

She laughed, broke from his clasping arm, and ran swiftly toward the cottage. With the advent of July came the first boarders to Hackmetack Cove. The day on which the staunch little steamer Rockland made her first landing of the season was a gala-day for the residents alongshore, as well as for the dwellers among the adjacent hills. Long enough before the hour at which the boat was expected, every body that could walk or hobble had repaired to the wharf to meet the genial "capting" and to criticise the new arrivals.

"Many comin' to-day?" asked a woodman, who had walked at least five miles from his camp in the forest, of the proprietor of the Surf House, with whom he was trudging toward the wharf.

"Only six," was the reply.

"I don't see no team at the wharf."

"No."

"Hedn't we better tell Mel Hammond? Guess he'd make 'bout as good a show with his team as any one round here, now that D'rius Kellyen's gone."

"I've arranged for a team," returned the landlord, with a peculiar smile wreathing his good-natured mouth.

"So! Banker's, I dessay?"

"No."

There was silence for several moments; then, unable longer to curb his inquisitiveness, the woodman asked again: "Who is goin' to haul 'em?"

"The Kellyen team."

"The Kellyen team? I hedn't heard as anybody'd hired it from Miry."

"Nobody hain't. Look out!" as the clatter of horse-hoofs behind them caused both to step quickly out of the way of an approaching team. "Thet's who's goin' to haul 'em," added the landlord, nodding toward the buck-board which was rolling toward the wharf. "Vesty Kellyen came to me a few days after D'rius was buried, an' said she wanted I should give her 'n equal chance with the rest o' the teams; and as I couldn't see why she shouldn't drive a buck-board if she was so minded, I said I was willin'."

"Great King! Who d a' thought it?" The astonished woodman said no more, but looked in silence after the receding conveyance, which had been newly painted, while the burnished harness glittered like gold in the bright sunshine.

"Edward Everett" and "Hannibal Hamlin" stepped as proudly as if aware of their fair driver's desire to make a favorable impression on the critical public; Vesta herself was tastefully dressed in a plain black wool costume.

"Jerusalem crickets!" ejaculated Uncle Joshwa, as Vesta's team rattled over the loose boards of the old wharf.

"Ef ther ain't Vesty Kellyen, an' the old buck-board lookin' spick-span as new! Hooray! give the gal a s'lute, lads; she's a spunky critter, 'n' deservin' on in. Hooray!"

There was a moment's hesitation, not from any unwillingness to join in the old tar's salute, but from sheer astonishment. This was a sensation they had not counted on. Then the crowd, lustily enough, now that it had taken in the situation, took up Uncle Joshwa's "hooray," and the very hills rang with the jubilant uproar. Vesta, with smiling face and eyes suspiciously moist, waited for the voices to cease. Then she sprang from her seat to the old sailor's side, and giving his outstretched paw a hearty shake, and, in a tone that betrayed her emotion: "Thanky, thanky, Uncle Joshwa; now I'm sure of success. Thanky, all of you," looking brightly around at the circle which had closed around her. "I knowed D'rius Kellyen's friends and neighbors wouldn't begrudge good will to his daughter."

"That they wouldn't, you bet!" cried a score of voices.

So much of the battle was won, and much the harder half, for Vesta, in her novel undertaking, had not counted upon the favor of her neighbors. The remainder of the task would be easy enough. At first the "company" thought it very odd and rather unsafe to ride behind a girl driver; but she soon proved that she thoroughly understood her business, was always so willing and cheerful that the innovation after a few weeks ceased to be a matter to be wondered at, and was accepted along with the rest of the "peculiarities" of the region—doughnuts, clambakes, pie for breaksast, and so forth.

Hardly a day passed, clear or cloudy, that the Kallahan team was not seen driving toward or coming from the Surf House with a merry load of "rusticators"; indeed, so popular had Vesta and her buck-board become that she was rarely out of the driver's seat. And "Edward Everett" and "Hannibal Hamlin," to their credit be it recorded, never once failed in their endeavors to do their utmost for the enterprising little Amazon who handled the reins so dexterously.

September, the month of the hegira for the guests at the Cove, found Vesta the proud and triumphant possessor of a snug sum of money, almost double that which she had hoped to earn. Now she might safely reckon on Zemro's becoming the captain of the Fearnaught. There was enough money to lay in a supply of necessaries for the winter, enough to buy all the "doctor's stuff" granny would need for months, and—blissful thought!—enough to buy the beautiful wedding gown which would adorn the happiest girl in all Maine before the bluebirds and thrushes returned in the early spring! Rosy meditations of this sort filled the girl's brain as she drove toward the hotel to take her last load to the wharf. No wonder she drove up before the door with an extra flourish, and with a happy chirrup that made her horses prick up their ears. Her eyes sparkled with hope and delight, her cheeks glowed redder than ever beneath their screen of freckles, as she tripped lightly up the steps to the piazza where heaps of luggage awaited transportation to the wharf.

"Hello, Vesta," called Irene Higgins from the dining-room window. "I was to tell you to come right into the parlor the minute you came. Guess you're goin' to git your partin' gift like the rest of us."

"I've got all I want," murmured Vesta, contentedly, thinking of the well-stuffed stocking carefully hidden at home in the unused stovepipe in the sitting-room.

"Good morning Miss Vesta," saluted the spokeswoman of the half-dozen or more travelers waiting in the parlor. "We are so sorry that we heard only last night of your expected marriage next autumn. Had we known it earlier, we should have insisted on having the wedding before we returned to our homes. We have concluded to give you a present, and you can send us an invitation when the affair comes off. Take this"—giving the blusing girl a a small paper box"—and with it our sincerest wishes for your happiness and success. You are a good girl, and deserve to prosper. Don't open the box until the steamer has left the wharf."

Good-byes were now exchanged, and a few minutes later the buck-board was rolling toward the wharf, the dainty white packet tucked safely in the driver's jacket pocket.

"What d'y' s'pose 'tis, Vesty?" whispered Zemro, who had come with the rest of the Hackmetack Covers to "see the company off."

"Jewelry, I dessay; that's what the city folks allus give for weddin' presents," she replied in an undertone. "I've allus wanted ear-rings—guess it's that."

"Wish it was a dozen pair, you darlin'!" warmly responded her lover.

"Then I'd hev to wear 'em on my nose an' on my toes, you silly boy," she whispered back, in a laughing tone.

A loud whistle proclaimed the approach of the boat.

"Good-bye, Vesta; good-bye, good-bye," called the merry travelers from the upper deck. The luggage was quickly carted aboard, the whistle blew, the cable was cast off, and the Rockland backed out into the stream.

Vesta waved her handkerchief with the rest of the crowd until the boat was well under way; then she took the box from her pocket, gingerly untied the ribbon, and lifted the lid.

"Money!" gasped Zemro; and "How much? how much?" clamored the curious throng, crowding around the pair. Vesta took the green roll from the box, smoothed it out in her hand, and, slowly turning over the corner of each note, counted, the spectators eagerly repeating her words—"One, two, three, four, five! Five twenty-dollar bills—a hundred dollars! Again the surrounding hills, as on the day when Vesta made her first appearance in the character of buckboard driver, resounded with the hearty cheers that rose from the crowd on the wharf, and were echoed by the laughing group on the upper deck of the Rockland.

The last glimpse the generous "rusticators" had of Vesta, she had mounted the railing of the wharf, and, supported by Zemro Dowling's sturdy arm, was vigorously waving with hat and handkerchief her thanks and her adieu.—*S. E. Boggs, in Harper's Bazar.*

WORN-OUT LANDS.

How They May Be Renovated at a Comparatively Small Expense.

The teachings of scientific men are well worth serious consideration from farmers, especially in questions relating to the use of fertilizers. An important lesson taught is that worn-out lands require not only nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, that may be applied by means of commercial fertilizers, but humus as well, so as to secure the proper physical condition in the soil necessary to keep the plant-food in available form and to permit the plant to get it in due proportions.

Scientists advise, for the reasons stated, the use of commercial fertilizers, no matter how well made, in association with farm manures on worn lands. A favorite means of improvement of soils is through a well-constituted compost heap, for here the required humus is supplied in the leaf mould. Yard waste, muck and other organic matter composted with the commercial fertilizers.

In many instances farmers can supply humus to their exhausted soils by green manuring. The cow-pea is an admirable renovator, and has of late been much used by Southern farmers for bringing up their soils. The plan resorted to is a short rotation of crops, in which the cow-pea is of frequent occurrence. This crop is plowed under as a green manure, and with the aid of a liberal supply of commercial fertilizers soon improves the land and repays the farmer for his labor and money in profitable crops.—*N. W. World.*

THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

—It is estimated that 18,000,000 pairs of boots and shoes are annually manufactured in prisons.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Auburn (N. Y.) Axle Works, which are moving to Wilkesbarre, Pa., will employ about one thousand men.

—Paper roofs, because of their lightness and other advantages, are recommended by the *Manufacturers' Gazette* as being superior to slate.

—The total amount of track laid in the United States from January 1 to September 1, 1886, is 3,475 miles, divided between 163 lines. During the whole of 1885 only 3,131 miles were built.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The greatest balloon in the world has been constructed in San Francisco. It will hold 150,000 cubic feet of gas and was made to traverse the American Continent from ocean to ocean.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Rutland's marble quarries give employment to more than 3,000 men, who were paid $1,200,000 last year, when over 1,500,000 cubic feet of marble was produced. More than $6,000,000 is invested.—*Rutland Herald.*

—The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is divided into 335 lodges, located in all parts of the United States and in Canada and Mexico, and has a total membership of seventeen thousand.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—The Dure Car Company's Works in Wilmington, Del., have been sold to the Pullman Car Company for $45,000. The Pullman Company intends making its new shops the eastern headquarters for repairs, and new work will also be done there.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—Hired girls get very low wages in Canada, judging from a recent sermon of a Kingston preacher, in which he pleaded for more pay for domestics, saying that many girls work hard, early and late, for three dollars a month, when they should receive ten dollars.

—Straw will soon be used for building purposes. It is claimed that straw may be closely pressed into bales 14x16 inches, or of any size desired, and the bales be used for building walls. The walls can be plastered over, or be arranged to suit the convenience of the builder.—*Troy Times.*

—A mammoth well is being dug on Breaker Island, near Albany, N. Y. It is over twenty feet in diameter and will be sunk below the bed of the river a distance of several hundred feet, so that the water will be of the purest quality that can be secured. About four million gallons will be consumed on the island every day when the blast furnaces are in operation.—*Albany Journal.*

—A new industry for women in large cities is announced—that of "lampers." These lampers go from house to house each morning to fill and trim lamps. Practice makes perfect, and they are able to guarantee perfect light, well-cared for lamps, and highly-polished chimneys. These lampers are a comfort to many a housekeeper, and their charges are not excessive.—*Boston Post.*

—The New York *Lumber Trade Journal* predicts that cherry will hold its own and continue to be a favorite cabinet and finishing wood because there is so little good cherry left; it will not have a chance of becoming too common. There is none worth mentioning north of Pennsylvania, and in that State its owners know its value. There is a good deal left in West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennesse, and North Carolina, but most of it is where it will cost a great deal to get it to market.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"It's a wife's duty to be pleasant," says an exchange. Yes, and it's the husband's duty to make her duty easy. —*Philadelphia Call.*

—The bravest boy will quail when he appears in public for the first time after he has had his hair cut by his mother.—*New Haven News.*

—Now that creased pants and rough-edged paper are fashionable, the only thing needful to complete the editor's happiness is a craze for frayed cuffs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

—"The woman is the enemy of freedom," remarks an authority. Correct. The army of married men who have been deprived of their latchkeys is a monument to the sad truth of the assertion.—*Nashville Union.*

—Clerk (to employer)—"What shall I mark that new lot of black silk at?" Employer—"Mark the selling price at three dollars a yard." Clerk—"But it only cost one dollar a yard." Employer—"I don't care what it cost. I am selling off regardless of cost."—*St. Paul Globe.*

—Maud—"Yes, I have sent him back his letters; given him back his ring." Edith—"And are you happy?" "No, I am miserable." "Then why do you do it?" "Well, pa and ma were so pleased with him I was afraid we weren't suited to each other." —*Omaha World.*

—Antiquary—"Here is something very rare: the identical Colt's pistols worn by the great Roland, who was slain at Roncesvalles by the Turks." Customer—"But there were no pistols in that day." Antiquary—"I know that, my dear sir; that's what makes them so rare."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—A small child was kept from doing evil by being told by his mother that the booman would catch him, and by his father that the devil was after him. In time the child's curiosity became excited, and on again being warned he answered: "Papa, I'd just like to see the booman and the devil after each other."—*Albany Journal.*

—Let it never be believed that humor is dead. Two friends, arguing in a railway carriage on political matters, fell, as is not uncommon under such circumstances, into a quarrel. "You must be a fool," said one. "You are a liar," retorted the other. "Now, gentlemen, that we are dealing with facts," said a cynical passenger, "let us go on with the discussion."—*New York Herald.*

—"Yes," said Brown, "I'm always making blunders. Why, the other evening I talked with a lady three hours, thinking it was my wife all the while. What do you think of that?" "I think," said Fogg, "that you are not only an unconscionable liar, but that your lie is a very foolish and illogical one. Thought it was your wife! And talked with her three hours! It won't do."—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Poor Hubert, how I wish you did not have to slave so from morning till night!" murmured his wife, as, with a fond caress, she seated herself on her husband's knee, and gently stroked the auburn locks from his lofty brow. And the grave, stern man of business understood her at once and answered: "Well, Susie, what is it—a bonnet or what? Don't be too hard on me, for money is scarcer than ever."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

TEMPERANCE READING.

WHAT MAY BE.

Adapted from "Me and Betty."

You've all heard the story—the great grizzly bear,
Who gave the poor settlers such a terrible scare
In a pioneer's cabin out West, so they say,
When in he came trotting one fine summer's day.
Perhaps you recall the man's scream to his frau,
"There's a bar in the kitchen as big as a cow!"
And how she advised him to "Murder him, then!"
And how his reply was:
"Yes, Betty, I will if you'll first venture in."
So Betty leaped up and a poker she seized,
While her man shut the door and outside it be squeezed.
And then, you remember, she laid on the blows,
Now on the bear's forehead and now on his nose;
While her man through the key-hole kept shouting with din:
"Well done, my brave Betty! Now hit him agin!
Now a rap on the ribs, now a knock on the snout,
Now a poke with the poker and poke his eyes out!"
So, with rapping and poking, poor Betty *alone*
At last laid Sir Bruin as dead as a stone.
Now when this brave man saw the bear was no more,
He ventured to poke his old nose in the door;
Then off to the neighbors he hastened, to tell
All the wonderful things that that morning befell.
And he published the wonderful story afar
How "*Me* and my Betty—*we* jist slaughtered the bar!"

The old grizzly fiend Whisky has forced his way in
To our loveliest homes, and sits with a grin
Devouring our substance, our children, our all—
Turning our joy and our gladness to gall;
And when we appeal to our men to protect us—
To save us from anguish, from death and from sin—
They valiantly answer:
"Yes, darlings, we will, if you'll first venture in."
And as we lay on the old grizzly our blows
Now on his forehead and now on his nose—
Our men, through the key-hole, keep shouting "Amen!"
"Well done, our brave ladies, now hit him again!"
And when we have fought out the battle *alone*,
And the Whisky-fiend lies as dead as a stone,
And the popular tide proves anew and afresh
That nothing will ever succeed like success,
Perhaps *our* gallants, forgetful, will say:
"'Twas *we* and *our* ladies—*we* won in the fray."
And thus the new version be sounded afar
Of how "*Me* and my Betty—*we* jist slaughtered the bar."
—*One of the Betties, in Union Signal.*

DRINKING WOMEN.

The Terrible Evils Which They Are Bringing Upon Their Children in England.

One of the most objectionable forms of the drinking custom in England is the drunkenness of women. It has to a considerable extent grown out of the sale of spirituous liquors in the groceries. There are husbands in England who are to-day nearly driven crazy by reason of the habit of drinking, into which their wives have fallen.

One gentleman told me that some five or six men had come to him quite lately and, manifesting the greatest distress, asked him for advice. Our Canadian ladies visiting some of the towns in England have been shocked, in passing some of the public houses, to see women at the bar drinking with the men, or hanging in groups about the door, apparently waiting for an invitation to drink. The Christian women are beginning to move in this matter. They are beginning to see the enormity of the evil. I had the honor of dining with and spending a few hours at the residence of Mrs. Lucas, sister to John Bright. She is now the president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and her sentiments, her consistent example as a total abstainer and her energy in the promotion of the temperance cause are arousing others of the higher classes of English women to combined action against this foe to their sex, and to humanity in general.

The sad effects of this phase of drinking in England is not seen on the women themselves merely, but on their miserable offspring. I had, myself, noticed this, but might not have ventured to speak of it here, if my observation had not been confirmed by that of others who mentioned it without any suggestion from me. I was, on this account, all the more impressed with this phase of the evil. From what I saw myself, and from what I learned through the oberservation of residents in England, I am prepared to believe that there are thousands of poor little wretches now in their cradles, or just growing up toward maturity, who are mere wrecks, physically, because of this habit on the part of their mother, or worse, of both their parents. I tried to expostulate with one who told me that she could not get on without her beer. She had such an "all-gone" sort of feeling every day, which apparently nothing (as she thought) could meet or rectify but beer, while by her side sat a little puny creature, whose legs and arms were not larger than the big finger of a full-grown man, yet the child was five or six years old. Such specimens can be produced by the dozen in almost any of the streets of Liverpool or London, and other places where the public houses alternate with the dwellings of the working classes. Macaulay must have had some such result as this of the liquor traffic in his mind when he suggested the possibility of the "New Zealander one day sitting on London bridge viewing the ruins of St. Paul's." The physical degeneration of the people through evil social habits must necessarily be followed by national loss, national decay, national ruin. Those who uphold the liquor traffic are not the friends but the enemies of their country and their race. It is a cause for joy that there always have been a faithful few who have opposed, and a still larger number now opposing, with all their might this great evil.—*D. V. Lucas, in Montreal Witness.*

What Is Most Wanted.

The sledge-hammer blows that can be brought to bear on the citadel of the rum power by ministers of the Church of Christ are almost irresistible, and will do more to awaken and systematise the active consciences of the people on this momentous question than all other forces combined.

And this is what the people want most—an active, conscientious, intelligent and enthusiastic interest. The outcome will be a combination of our efforts exerted in one grand consolidated phalanx brought to bear on the strongholds of our enemy, and victory will be ours, and then we shall see what we have so longed hoped and prayed for—the rum power will vanish, the saloon will be a thing of the past, our country disenthralled from this incubus on her progress and civilization, Phœnix-like will rise to her true dignity as a prosperous, happy Christian people.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

LAW has entrenced and embastoned the liquor traffic, and no less an agency can now annihilate it. It is too strong for mere suasion.—*Dr. F. R. Lees, F. S. A.*

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

HARD drink ruins more constitutions than hard work.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE bottle as well as the barrel is becoming too prominent in politics.—*Philadelphia Times.*

NOTHING is too sacred to be profaned when men are under the influence of wine.—*Barnes.*

"THE most shocking scandals that we have to deplore spring from intemperance."—*Pastoral Letter of the Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

THE *Christian Guardian*, of Toronto, Can., of a recent date, says the Scott Temperance act had been in force but six weeks in the county of Ontario, and the county jail was empty for the first time in its history.

"WHEN the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and the ex-saloon-keepers, asked for compensation, she replied: 'Compensate those you have wronged, and I will pay the balance.'"—*N. Y. Sun.*

IN England from 60,000 to 120,000 die every year from the effects, directly or indirectly, of intemperance. One-third of the insane cases in asylums and fifteen per cent. of the violent crime committed in the country are due to the same cause.—*Cardinal Manning.*

THE person who supplied a pint of whisky and two glasses of beer to the irresponsible man on a wager in a South side saloon, and permitted him to drink the liquids, which resulted in his death, are morally responsible for the act and should be discovered and held legally accountable for it.—*Chicago News.*

OF all poisonous liquors in the world, bourbon whisky is the deadliest. Strychnine is only one of the poisons in it. A certain oil is used in its manufacture eight drops of which will kill a cat in eight minutes, and a dog in nine minutes. The most temperate men in New York are the wholesale dealers. They dare not drink the stuff they sell.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE saloon is an agent for the corruption of the morals of the home of every man who is a patron of it; is a direct attack upon our children; breeds a moral pestilence in every neighborhood where it is located; is the instigator of the most of the violence and the mother of nine-tenths of the crime of our city; the saloon power is threatening the utter destruction of the quiet of the Lord's day.—*Rev. George F. Pentecost.*

THE user of alcoholic beverages comes within the domain of moral influences—the pledge, the Temperance society, the persuasive plea, the convincing argument. The trafficker in these beverages, being oblivious to these influences, or impervious to their operation, is outside this domain, and within that of the law, thus the forces of civil law must be set in motion toward him and toward his business.—*Judith Ellen Foster.*

THE saloon as an institution can not be justified for any purpose on grounds of public necessity or morality; and considered as a factor in politics, it is specially offensive and undesirable. The time has come for this view of the matter to be expressed and enforced. It is a standing shame that these nurseries of idleness, vice and sorrow are allowed to shape our political affairs and select our officers of all kinds.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

As THE Temperance movement presses on towards its final triumph new obstacles will be continually thrown in its way. The contest is to be one of the most earnest and determined the world has ever witnessed. All that selfishness, money, official position, talents and learning can do, will be done to save the liquor traffic from destruction. Among the most formidable of these obstacles are those thrown in the way professedly in the interest of the good cause itself. At first sight they deceive many of its true friends and for a time lead them astray. The devil is never so hard to meet, so difficult to overcome, as when he appears in the garb of an angel of light.—*S. D. Hastings.*

SOME BREWERY IDEAS.

Representatives of the Liquor Traffic Stand Up for Guzzling on the Sabbath—Their Ridiculous Argument.

The United States Brewers' Association held its annual meeting at Buffalo, and the Sabbath laws, Temperance legislation, and Temperance teaching in the public schools received the usual amount of condemnation. The sale of liquors on the Sabbath was declared to be "almost a necessity," strongly advocated by "very many excellent journals." It was stated by the president of the association in his opening address that "all the great cities of the European Continent, and even of England, permit the sale of spirituous beverages on the Sabbath, and it has been found there that public morality is furthered by this liberal spirit." The Sunday-closing law was said to condemn the working-man to such "dreariness" that he must "indemnify" himself by getting drunk on Saturday. Some of our "Western cities" were quoted as furnishing evidence in favor of relaxing Sunday observance. From this the speaker went on to say that there was just as much reason for prohibiting bathing, or traveling on the railroads, because a certain number of people die every year while engaged in these occupations, as for prohibiting drinking, because it can be shown that so many hundreds die every year from the excessive use of intoxicants. Following the president's address was the report of a committee on the Temperance school-book question, which came to the conclusion, after "a thorough review" of the subject, that "the resultant evil" (from the introduction of Temperance text-books in the schools) was not as yet great enough to demand vigorous action. Many of the schools, it was said, had ignored the law, while others had failed to comply with its spirit. The members of the association were advised, however, to keep a sharp lookout for such false and fanatical teaching.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The "Grave-Diggers' Party."

"If it is necessary for the Temperance people to start a party to put down the liquor traffic, why is it not also necessary for the saloon-keepers to start a party of their own?" is a question often asked and easily answered. In the first place, they control to a large extent both the great parties; and secondly, they would be afraid to start a distinct party of their own. Think of what that party would have to come before the people and advocate! What name would they call it? Perhaps the "Grave-Diggers' party" would be appropriate.—*N. Y. Witness.*